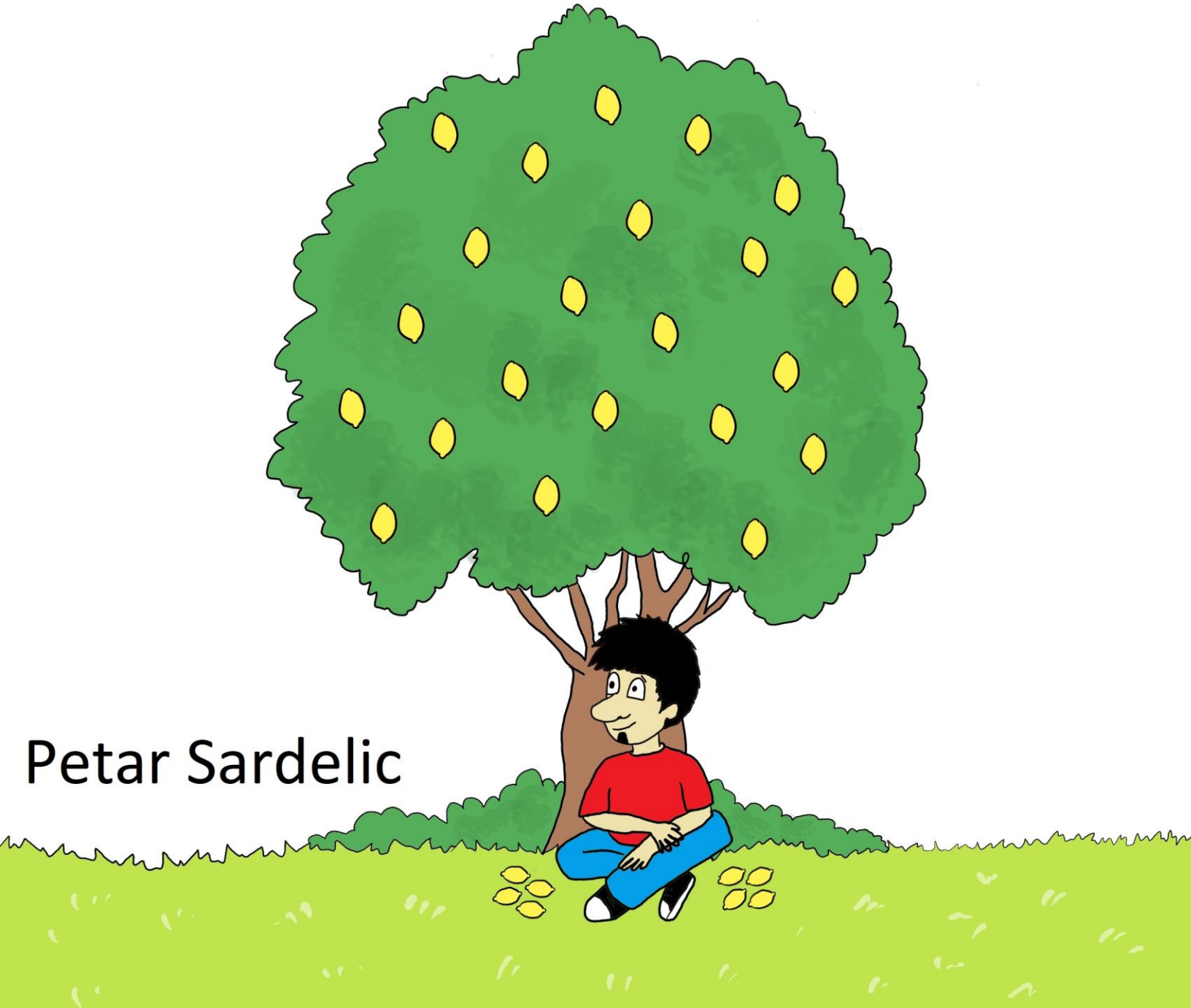
MARTY UNDER THE LEMON TREE



Petar Sardelic

Something’s hit the fan.

Marty was a highly regarded deputy kitchen hand at “The 24/7 Macho Coffee Blitz” café, where he worked harder than any other employee which awarded him employee of the month, 38 times over a 10 year long career, a record his jealous associates believed will never be broken still to this day. It’s worth mentioning Marty’s career is well and truly over and this is just a tribute to the legend coffee and toastie lovers once held close to their hearts. The following is Marty’s story told from the day he was fired.

Bad time to be risky.

It was a sunny morning, the birds were singing and there were no clouds in the sky. Marty was leaning on the balustrade gazing into the ocean from the top story balcony of his beachside mansion, he was a man with it all, very beloved by his local community. Every morning Marty would sit on the balcony enjoying the view while he waited to leave the house at exactly 8:47am, as it took him 13 minutes to get to work. Now you may be wondering how a man that works at a 24/7 cafe become to be so wealthy and that is indeed a great question considering his wage was $40,000 a year. Marty was so loved by his community that he became a bit of a tourist attraction, tourists from around the globe would tip this man ungodly amounts of money, he even had his face on the towns biggest bill board which alone pulled him in 5 million dollars a year. 8:47am finally arrived and just like every other day Marty would get inside his red Ferrari and blast death metal as he cruised to work with a smug look on his face, a look totally justified through blood, sweat and tears for countless years at what many once called a dead end job.

Marty arrives at work after his 13 minute journey and struts through the kitchen high fiving fellow employees as a couple of the lads shout “The king has arrived” to which Marty responds “Calm down guys it’s too early for that kind of praise”. The doors began to flood open with so many people a genius couldn’t even count it, put it this way, you’d struggle to find Wally in this place.

Anyway the place was full, people were making orders and the staff was quite accommodating, Marty was on barista duty, there was nothing he loved more than whipping up a hot cup of joe. As Marty dished out the coffees people always asked for a photo with the man and a signature on a napkin. Things got quite tiring for old Marty after the first wave of people came through but when things started to die down a little the staff got to enjoy an hour of peace and quiet before the midday rush began. For the most part everyone stayed busy during their down time, they'd wipe down appliances, mop the floor, all kinds of stuff, they knew how to stay professional and keep the place in good knick. The place was looking spotless and they were about 15 minutes away from the midday rush and Marty was contemplating stealing a bag of the special chicken salt from the kitchen that they use on the chips, anyone that has ever tried the chips has always dreamed of stealing a box of salt as no one could quite put their finger on why it tasted so good.

Marty had plans to take the salt to a lab and get the ingredients tested so he could forever know the secret recipe but little did he know the big boss that only visited once a year was doing his annual store check. Marty was such an icon at this place that any other day he would have gotten away with this crazy chicken salt scheme, "I'm doing it guys" Marty said to a couple of employees standing in the kitchen with him awaiting the lunchtime madness,

“You’ve got to be crazy” yelled one employee, “Don’t do it” said the other, “It’s too late I’ve already made up my mind, I need to know the secret ingredients” Marty explained. So without further ado Marty waltzes into the big walk in cupboard wearing a back pack, he takes a 2kg box of chicken salt and places it in his bag. He turns around to leave the kitchen and to his surprise the big boss/owner of the cafe that was only there once in a blue moon was standing in the door way of the giant cupboard, “What in the world do you call this” shouted the big boss at the top of his lungs, you could see the fire in the man’s eyes. He gave Marty a grilling that even the head chef would want no part of, he sacked Marty on the spot. Marty was even like “What if I just put it back” and the big boss was like, “Absolutely not, we need to make an example of you”. Marty was devastated but at the same time was at least pleased the boss said no to the put it back suggestion, he was a man about to lose it all but also a man with 2kgs of the best chicken salt ever tasted on that small patch of the universes land.

Marty went home immediately and didn’t even say a word to any other staff members during his play it cool strut to the car, also the chicken salt detector caught Marty on the way out so he didn’t even leave with that either. When Marty arrived home the first thing he did was smash back half a bottle of vodka and pass out on the couch, looking worse than a piece of crap on a hot summer’s day.

When Marty awoke from his drunken slumber, he looked at his phone and noticed he had 500 missed calls, he couldn't believe his eyes so he turned his phone off and on again like any technical support genius would and just like before it showed 500 missed calls, everyone in the neighbourhood was trying to call Marty about the news, I guess word spreads fast in Marty's neck of the woods. Marty had no idea where to begin with calling everybody back so he just resorted into ghost mode and cut all contact with just about everyone he knew. Rumours started to brew within the valley and across the far land that the cafe legend loved by all but hated by a couple was going to go broke, like a joke by some bloke in a cloak, the funny thing was the rumours were actually not far off the truth, payments on Marty's house were costing hundreds of thousands of dollars every week and not to mention the cost on his red Ferrari which he lease's on a weekly payment.

You may be thinking surely a man with that kind of wealth would have just bought everything outright but what can I say sometimes the richest people are the dullest sparks. Brief calculations Marty concluded whilst on the toilet for he did not want to waste valuable time doing maths, told Marty he had enough money to last him another 6 months before he was pronounced clinically broke.

This scared Marty so he began to ponder pursuing another job, the only issue being that no other job would even come close to pulling in the income of his previous career for he was ridiculously over paid for a man whose best skills were brewing a hot cup of coffee and making a wicked ham, cheese and tomato toastie. By now you would have come to realise that Marty is not the sharpest tool in the shed and how he got to his rich man status in the first place is beyond the brain of any man to even try and comprehend, that being said Marty decided it would be a good idea to just blow all of his money and live like a king for a further 6 months before reassessing his life, screw it thought this temporary king, his attitude gave off a vibe that said if I became rich once I'll find a way to do it again.

Marty had devised a plan to throw the craziest party anyone had ever seen and thought he may as well invite anyone that would make a conscious decision to be there, he didn't want guests that were there unconsciously not that anybody should be but you can never be too careful. If the ship is going down anyway I may as well have one last rip snorta thought Marty, rip snorta is a phrase Marty always used instead of saying party, no one knew why, "I refuse to delay this brilliant idea, I'm getting the ball rolling at the break of dawn" shouted Marty to himself like the mad man he is.

CHICKEN
SALT
2KG

Let the festivities embark.

Just like clockwork the break of dawn arrived and Marty wasted no time putting ads all over the internet, after breakfast I'm going to go on a neighbourhood delivery run and put out some flyers thought Marty. You can say what you want about the man but when he had an idea he stuck to it. After consuming a long black, 6 eggs, 2 pieces of toast and a pikelet, Marty drew up a poster which he created on an A4 sheet of paper using that pen with 4 different colour options, then ironically he photo copied it 400 times in black and white and placed them in his bag ready to distribute them across town. Marty hopped into his black van with sick rims, put his back pack on the passenger seat and got ready to hit the town. This black van was Marty's most prized possession it was his first car and really the only thing he could hold on to when everything else is gone. The journey began and Marty just started throwing the A4 sheets out the window as if he was a paper boy from the 70s, after throwing about 50 papers out the window it became quite apparent that due to being a thin rectangular piece of paper the posters just weren't making it far enough out the window, so basically there were just pieces of paper on the road of the first suburb Marty hit up, it's time to switch plans pondered Marty quite discretely.

He decided to park his car in random areas and distribute the posters by hand for it was the only way, it was a big day for the Martinator he was out there for 10 long grueling hours advertising for his party which was kicking off that night.

When Marty finally arrived home it was 8pm and he was an exhausted mess, right away he got on the phone with the local bottle shop and got a truck load of alcohol delivered ASAP for his guests, he then went to his private mini bar and drank half a bottle of rum before having a shower to clean himself up a bit after the long day. All his random guests were due to turn up at 10pm for Marty's last moments of expensive chaos.

The time was 9:45pm and Marty was sitting on the couch playing video games whilst waiting for someone to turn up, all of a sudden these car lights started to shine through the window so Marty went outside to greet the first arrivals. It was quite clear that this mystery vehicle was a black van, the doors slid open and out came 8 people, at first Marty couldn't work out who it was but he quickly discovered, it was the orchestra he handed a poster to during his delivery run. It's funny, when Marty handed them the poster, one of them said, "Awesome dude, we will play some live music for you." obviously at the time Marty thought they were joking and assumed they were unlikely to even show up, but show up they did, so Marty helped them get all of their instruments inside and set them up on his stage in the lounge room. There was about half an hour of awkward silence between Marty and the orchestra before the place became packed full of people, who would of thought the posters Marty distributed across town would of drawn such a big crowd, I guess the general public are just suckers for a poster.

Marty's house was packed and it's safe to say nobody was sober, it was looking like Marty was going to go broke at the end of the night, there were people chugging whole bottles of expensive champagne, other people were putting away $500 bottles of wine, no doubt Marty's wallet was getting thinner although his stomach was getting fatter from the feast available to all guests. He had 7 whole pigs on spits and a team of people pumping out a barbecue, not to mention special Japanese chefs making fresh Devine sushi, I wasn't going to mention the Italian pizza chefs because to be honest that's a book on its own for they were quite the characters. Hours went by as everyone ate / drank themselves stupid. Half way through the night there were people passed out all throughout the house, Marty went outside to get a bit of fresh air when he realised there were people passed out in the front and back yard too, he then began to draw facial hair on the faces of everyone that had passed out, because there was so many people it worked out to be around 50 people in total that had fallen asleep due to excessive drinking, Marty's pen almost ran out of ink before he was done.

As the hours went by some people started leaving but of course there were soldiers carrying on into the day light, Marty had a good time he spent a lot of money which wasn't any issue to him because the way he saw it he was screwed anyway, he got to catch up with a lot of friends that ended up attending as well as a bunch of randoms that saw his poster. The early hours of the morning had arrived and there was about 10 people left including Marty, 8 of these people were complete randoms and then there was Bill, Marty's childhood friend. Bill wasn't going all that great career and money wise so he wasn't able to help Marty in that aspect but you could always count on him for moral support and sometimes that will do. As the 8 random people danced around the bonfire which was in fact burning since 10pm the previous night, Marty and Bill were chatting like a couple of old ladies in the isle of a supermarket, whilst bickering amongst each other Bill casually said to Marty "when you become poor your welcome to live under my lemon tree hahahaha" as Bill laughed uncontrollably Marty said "don't be surprised if I take you up on that hahahahaha" they then both continued to laugh for a further 4 minutes and 15 seconds, by the time they had finished laughing they couldn't even remember what they were laughing about, they weren't busy so they spent a moment pondering what was so funny, it wasn't long before Bill said, "oh yeah, the lemon tree haha." "Oh yeah" replied Marty, "classic".

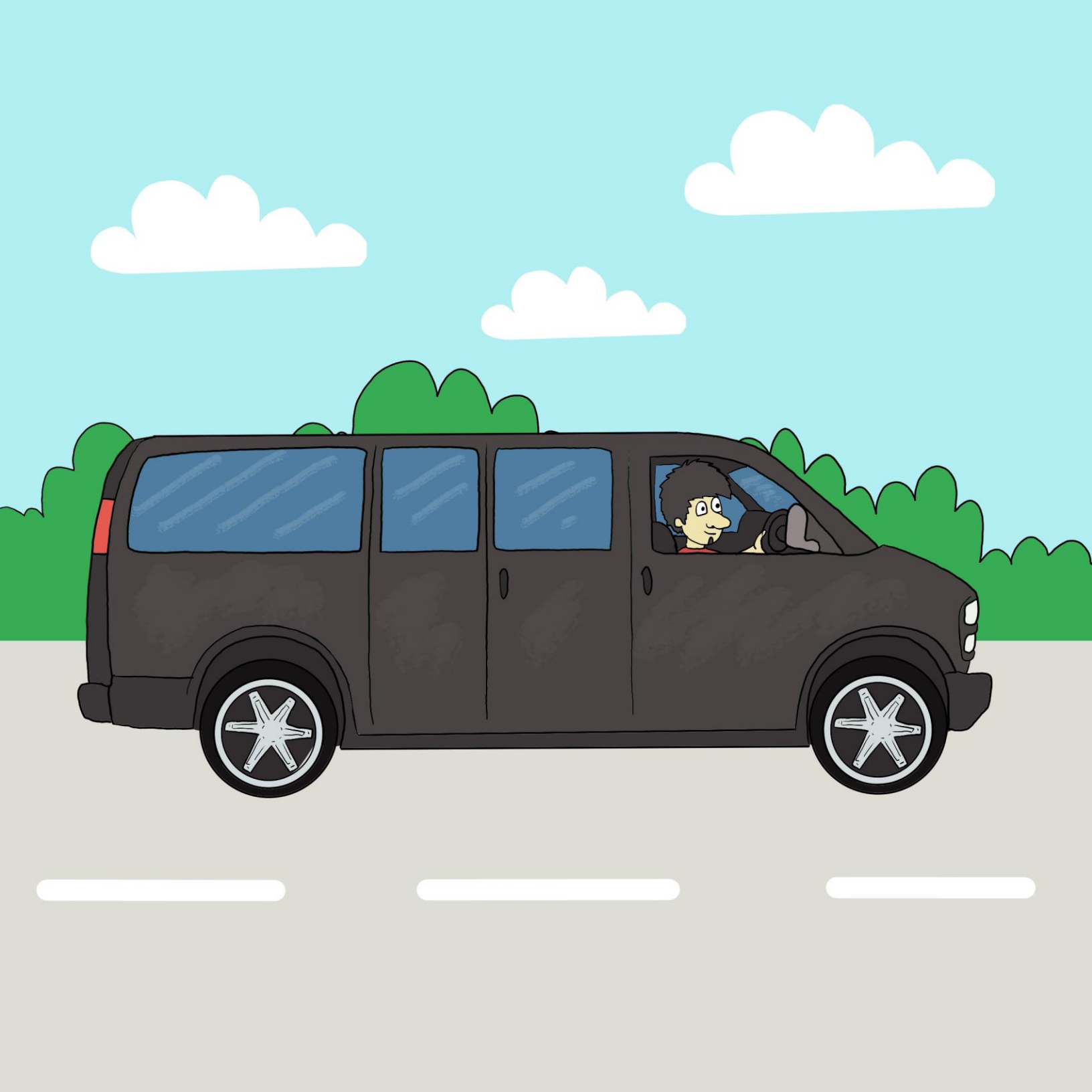
They then joined the group of lost souls dancing around the bonfire until one by one the group of dancing idiots began to leave, by the time everyone had left it was 10am, Bill then says to Marty, “I’m going to get going as well, I thought I’d stay while there was still random people here so you didn’t have to endure any awkwardness alone.” “Thanks Bill” said Marty “what a guy” he continued. Bill got going and Marty went inside to chill and have a cup of coffee, it was a long night so despite having some coffee Marty fell asleep on the couch for a few hours, when Marty woke up the first thing he did was check his bank account. To his surprise he only had $10,000 left in the bank, Marty began to panic because he had no memory of spending so much money, he did get pretty messed up so it’s not surprising he blew almost all of his money but to put it into perspective he must of spent an ungodly amount of cash because 10 grand isn’t even enough to cover 1 week of living, Marty’s lifestyle is so expensive that it quickly sunk in that his lush life of a king would soon be over. Marty didn’t know what to do but it was quite clear that his house and Ferrari would be repossessed, at least I’ll always have the black van with sick rims though he assured himself. Marty thought of a quick plan right away and wasn’t backing down from the idea, he basically decided that he would withdraw his last $10,000 into cash, hit the road with his black van and see where the wind took him.

A sour place to call home.

Marty decided that he was better off living life on the down low, off the grid style, he knew his mansion and Ferrari would be repossessed very soon and he didn't want to stick around and watch it happen, so he loaded his car with as much stuff as he could fit in. Marty hit the road only half an hour after coming up with the idea, what can I say the guy doesn't mess around, his first stop was the nearest ATM where he withdrew his last 10 grand, It ended up being $9998.00 because the ATM had a $2 transaction fee, despite the rough start Marty wasn't going to ponder the $2 loss too hard. He drove around aimlessly looking for a nice place to chill out when suddenly he was stopped by a red light, as he was sitting at the light awaiting its next move to go green, three young kids came out of nowhere and one of them proceeded to wash Marty's windscreen with a squeegee, "Stop that" shouted Marty "I didn't say yes you idiots", as this kid was washing Marty's wind screen, Marty put on his windscreen wipers which actually knocked the squeegee out of the kids hands he then hit the accelerator and ran right through the red light, as he got through the lights he heard police sirens and thought of course a policeman saw that, just my luck. Marty was having a doozy of a day, he pulled over to the side of the road and all of a sudden a beam of sunlight shined down over the car, the police vehicle passed Marty with the sirens on, clearly he had bigger fish to fry,

“Jesus is that you?” said Marty in a hopeful tone, “Are you going to make me rich again?”, Marty continued, of course he didn’t get a response so he decided to blame the beam of sunlight on the weather and the policeman passing him as luck, any who Marty was free to carry on with his new aimless life.

Marty got back to it and started cruising down the streets, he drove for hours and saw some interesting sights along the way, at one point he saw a continental roll pierced threw the antenna of someone’s vehicle, he wasn’t sure if the sandwich gave the radio better signal or if it was just some kind of an ornament, in any case it was the highlight of Marty’s day. After a long day of driving Marty decided to find a nice quiet place to pull over and have a sleep, he ended up pulling up to a nice spot overlooking the beach, “This will be a perfect place to camp the night” said Marty out loud to himself for some reason, “I can go for a swim first thing in the morning, what a great way to start the day” he continued saying to himself, the guy was just having a full blown convo. Marty had some matches in the van so he ended up making a fire down on the beach, he sat by the fire for a while before falling asleep right on the beach front.



When Marty woke up in the morning to his surprise there was some homeless guy curled up next to him sleeping by the fire, Marty was so shocked after first waking up that he let out a huge scream, which caused the homeless guy to wake up and start screaming too, so Marty and the homeless guy were both just screaming on the beach for a few seconds until Marty got up and walked to his van, that was a weird start to the morning thought Marty, he was a bit rattled after that. It was a new day and Marty had no idea what would come of it, he got into his van and hit the road again with nowhere to go and nowhere to be, Marty was just blasting the tunes and cruising having a pretty good time. Suddenly Marty remembered that he had forgotten to even have a swim at the beach where he set camp, he was gutted, Marty was really looking forward to swimming in the morning but unfortunately he was so rattled by the slumbering bum that he managed to leave the beach without taking a dip in the sea, due to this sudden remembrance, Marty was in a bad mood for the rest of the day, the worst thing about the whole debacle was he was over 50kms away from any beach now so swimming was out of the picture at the moment.

Marty was getting deeper into farm land and couldn't decide whether to head back to the coast or keep going, so he pulled into a random side street full of private property's, to his surprise there was a kid out the front of his house that had set up a lemonade stand,

Marty was quite thirsty so he went and got a glass of lemonade which cost him 50 cents, as Marty was sipping the drink he happened to have an epiphany. He remembered Bill saying that he was welcome to live under his lemon tree, he also remembered Bill laughing about it like it was a joke, luckily Marty wasn't the type of guy to get put off a good offer just because someone laughed it off, "to Bills house" thought Marty. Suddenly Marty's aimless journey had direction thanks to stumbling upon a random lemonade stand, the journey from the lemonade stand to Bills house was close to two days long, so Marty said to the lemonade kid, "just sell me the whole jug, I'm going to need it", the kid said "ok that will be $10", Marty handed him a $10 note and started to begin the journey, carrying a jug of lemonade in his left hand. Marty drove all day and all night, he wasn't going to stop to have a rest, in fact he wasn't stopping for anything, he was prepared to drive for two days straight, as far as Marty was concerned he could just pass out under the lemon tree upon arrival.

The drive to Bills house was a bit of a boring venture so we may as well skip to the part where Marty was forced to stop for fuel, Marty's fuel stop happened about 10 hours after he departed from the lemonade stand, his fuel light was on for a good 2 hours before he came across a fuel station, he was getting worried he would need to go for a massive walk carrying a jerry can,

that would of been Marty's worst nightmare, a long walk is one thing but carrying a jerry can is a whole different ball game, if one thing was for sure it's that Marty can't stand different ball games, anyway when Marty got to the fuel station he was really craving a meat pie, to Marty's surprise the servo was out of meat pies and what really cranked Marty's gears was the fact that the worker at the cashier was stuffing his gob with the last meat pie, "You couldn't leave that for a customer?" said Marty to the cashier, "I was hungry" said the cashier "what's it to you", he continued, Marty's face went red, he looked like a kettle at boiling point, Marty just started raging at him, "WHATS IT TO ME?" yelled Marty at the top of his lungs. "I'VE BEEN DRIVING FOR DAYS AND IVE BARELY EATEN A THING, IVE SURVIVED THE LAST TEN HOURS OFF OF A JUG OF LEMONADE, ALL IVE BEEN CRAVING IS A MEAT PIE AND YOU ATE THE LAST ONE YOU LAZY PIG" "I'm going to have to ask you to calm down" whispered the cashier, "That will be $71.95 for the fuel said the cashier", Marty gets out his bank card, the cashier said "Pay pass?" "Yeah" responded Marty, "Pay pass".

Marty then turned away and walked back to his van like nothing happened, it was quite weird, he now had a full tank of fuel and was ready to get back to the task at hand. Marty easily had enough fuel to get all the way to Bills house so he was absolutely loving life despite being a bit on the hungry side, again Marty was back on the road and this time he really wasn't stopping,

he blasted his favourite death metal album and just drove, sure his butt and back we're getting sore but Marty was actually having a good time. I suppose we better do another time skip now, since the rest of the drive to Bills house was quite boring to hear about. When Marty finally arrived at Bills house it was 11pm at night, Bill was asleep because he gets up quite early in the mornings but this didn't bother Marty as the lemon tree happened to be in the front yard. So Marty got out of the van, stumbled over to the lemon tree and just collapsed into sleep. Marty awoke in the morning with Bill poking him with a stick, "Stop that said Marty, I've still got some dignity you know?" "I'm sorry" said Bill, "You were lying face down, I didn't know who you were, what in the world do you think you're doing here anyway?" Marty replied "I've decided to take you up on your offer" "My offer?" Bill responded, "Which offer are we talking about here?" "When we were drunk you invited me to live under your lemon tree" Said Marty "You can't be serious" said Bill "You can't just live under my lemon tree" "I can and I will" said Marty "What if I call the police and say your trespassing" mentioned Bill "Come on" said Marty "It'll only be for a few weeks" "Okay fine, if it's only a few weeks I'll let you stay" Said Bill in a slightly defeated tone.

Bill walked back inside the house to make himself a coffee, Marty then went and got a few things out of the van so he could set up a nice little homely camp under the lemon tree.

He wanted the lemon tree to be an inviting place where he could host picnics and chill, Marty didn't have a lot of things in the van but he had some blankets that he placed on the grass for comfort, he even hung a dream catcher from one of the branches, don't ask me why he had one but he just did. He had a bowl of mints that he kept in the glove box of the van so he placed them under the tree in case he had any guests that were keen to refresh their breath, a week went by of Marty living in Bills front yard, things were going alright for him, he would come and go as he pleased and lucky for him there was no rain, just sunny skies every day.

Marty thought it was a good idea to try to start earning an income so he took some inspiration off the kid on the farm and put together a lemonade stand, he used Bills coffee table and a bunch of random glasses he found in the kitchen cupboard, it didn't occur to Marty that this would make Bill mad but sure enough it did indeed. Marty was out there for hours selling cups of lemonade, then all of a sudden Bill appears before Marty's eyes and says "What on earth is going on here" "I've started making lemonade" said Marty "Want a glass?" "Is that my coffee table?" said Bill "And are those my cups!" "It's one thing that you've decided to live in my front yard but this is going too far", Bill shouted,

“I need to earn some money you know” said Marty “But your using my lemons and all of my stuff, this is ridiculous” said Bill “And I’m not even getting a penny for this” he wasn’t a happy Chappie, “What if we half the profits” said Marty trying to persuade Bill into the idea, “You’re barley making any profit you idiot” said Bill, “I want all my stuff back in the house now otherwise you’re out” yelled Bill. Marty was a bit rattled after having Bill shout at him and he didn’t want to lose his place under the lemon tree so he put the coffee table back in the house along with all of the glasses, that idea didn’t last long thought Marty, so he took the rest of the day off and just had a bit of a snooze.

That one day snooze suddenly became weeks of laziness, during Marty’s weeks of laziness people around the neighbourhood started talking about the weird guy living under a lemon tree on a relatively nice street. There were some rumours flying around that some homeless guy begged Bill for change and Bill said “Sorry I don’t have any change but you can live under my lemon tree” it’s pretty funny because the rumours weren’t too far off the truth, the only difference is Bill has known Marty for a long time and Marty never begged Bill for change. The rumours started getting around further then the mind could imagine, people started coming from all over the globe to see the guy that lives under the lemon tree,

well not really but there were a couple of tour buses that drove past and even stopped for pictures with the weird lemon man, we all know as Marty, word even got around at the 24/7 Macho Coffee Blitz café.

One day Marty's old co-workers even did a drive by past the lemon tree to see if it were true. They didn't want to embarrass old Marty since a lot of them still had respect for the guy, I mean he became stinking rich working at a cafe, which gave a lot of these guys hopes for their future, so to avoid Marty's embarrassment they drove past wearing balaclavas with eye holes in them, this scared the daylights out of Marty, he thought this group of people were on their way home from a bank robbery so he went into Bills house and called the cops to report a potential crime, hahaha classic Marty. Soon enough there were pictures online and around the neighbourhood of Marty living under the lemon tree, the paparazzi somehow snapped some pics of Marty without him noticing, Marty become the biggest news going around because nobody else had the guts to start a new life beneath a lemon tree.

Marty had no idea the world was going nuts over him which was a shame because he would have capitalised on the attention financially. As time went on Marty started to make himself more at home,

a great example of this is the fact that he had 4 big esky's filled with his weekly shopping which he got delivered to the tree every Sunday morning, that's right, while most religious people were at church, Marty was helping unload a truck full of groceries to the lemon tree and when most people were at work he would chill and sleep. One day Bill had enough, he couldn't take it anymore so he went and confronted Marty, so basically Bill marched out to the front yard, grabbed Marty by the scruff of the neck and said "I'm pretty sure you've out stayed your welcome buddy, I want you out of here" Marty responded by saying "Firstly let go of my neck scruff, you know I don't like people touching my neck scruff, and secondly, what's with the sudden change of attitude" "You've been here for 4 months now and your drawing a lot of unwanted attention" Said Bill, "Has it really been 4 months? I guess time flies when you're having fun" Marty responded "Yeah well it's time for your fun to end" Bill said to Marty, becoming quite frustrated.

You couldn’t really blame Bill for this sudden snap but Marty wasn’t one to go down without a fight so he kept on trying to argue his case for staying, Bill wasn’t having it though, Marty wasn’t able to build a case no matter what he said, so they both ended up agreeing to Marty’s departure. It had been decided, Marty would vacate at the crack of dawn, the early hours of the morning finally arrived and Marty was still sound asleep. After a few more hours went by he woke up in a panic realising that he had missed the crack of dawn, it was fine though he was still committed to leaving his new home and what’s a couple hours between friends. Marty packed everything into his van and left Bill a message written in strategically placed pebbles he took out of the garden, the message read “so long Bill” by the time Bill actually saw this message a bird had stolen a couple of the pebbles, so all Bill saw was “so on Bill” Bill didn’t know what the hell that meant but he was happy Marty was gone.

LEMONADE

Up in flames

It was a sunny day and Marty was driving down Southwest Boulevard reminiscing about his time spent underneath Bills lemon tree, Marty considered those days to be the best few months of his adult life, which is hilarious bearing in mind he used to be filthy rich. It was the highlight of Marty's life so far because it made him feel like a true outdoorsman, Marty used to love watching the adventures of Bear Grills on TV and the lemon tree days made him feel in touch with nature.

So anyway Marty drove around for a while before pulling up at a random donut shop, he thought he would see if they were looking for a barista, it had been a while since he made coffees but thought fuck it, I can always drive away again and plus I'm not doing anything else, there was a guy from the donut shop standing out by the road waving around a sign saying free donut with purchase of coffee, so Marty thought it would be a good idea to start by talking to this Muppet, "Hey man" Marty said to the guy, when suddenly the guy drops the sign and says, "Gees dude you totally startled me" "Sorry" Marty reply's "I'm about to walk inside and ask the boss if they need a barista, how do you like my chances?" the guy laughed at Marty and said "I don't even work here, I'm merely a local bum that hangs around this shop far too often,

it’s not a good look for the store so they handed me a sign” and said “If you’re going to hang around here you can keep yourself busy with this” “Oh my gosh” responded Marty “What a coincidence, I’ve just recently fallen into the bum life myself” Marty and this sign waving bum were out there chatting for hours, they got on like a house on fire. The guy started telling Marty about his extended bum family, spread out across the state, this guy knew all of the bums and was even kind enough to induct Marty into the family, “My names Scrappy McGee” said the bum to Marty “Just mention me to any bum you come across and tell them you’re a new member of our secret society, they all know who I am” Marty and Scrappy were chatting for so long that a staff member walked outside with another sign and handed it to Marty “HEY I DONT NEED THIS” yelled Marty as the staff member quickly started walking back into the shop “I WAS GOING TO BE YOUR BARISTA” Marty continued carrying on. Scrappy started to tell Marty about the leader of the bums, “The wise one” “The enlightener” “His name is Spoona” said Scrappy, “He lives on a beach and we all go to him for guidance.” “You’ve got to be kidding me” Marty responded in a tone of disbelief, “I’m pretty sure I’ve already been spooned by Spoona a few months ago while I was sleeping on a beach,

he scared the crap out of me and I couldn't get away fast enough" "Hahahaha, that sounds like Spoona" laughed Scrappy "We should go visit him" Scrappy suggested "VISIT HIM? I was hoping to never see that weirdo again" Marty was shocked "Don't worry most people have a rough start with Spoona, we need to see the wise one and you will realise he is indeed a good guy" argued Scrappy as he didn't like to hear people being afraid of the wise enlightener "We mustn't waste anytime" said Scrappy "To the black van" "I hope this isn't just a plot to hitch a ride across town" Marty said. So before getting inside Marty's van to trek it across the state to see the wise one, the lads handed there donut shop signs to a couple of kids that were passing by, Scrappy said to them if they wave the signs around for a few hours, someone would come outside and hand them twenty bucks, Marty asked scrappy if that were true and scrappy said "Nah I've been doing it for the love of the task" then Marty said, " Fair enough, if it were true I would of stayed a bit longer to get twenty bucks." "You and me both" said Scrappy "You and me both", I don't know why he felt the need to say it twice but he just did. So this not so dynamic duo got into Marty's van and started to drive to the beach occupied by the wise bum Spoona, "leader of the bums", "king of the poor".

DONUTS
FREE DONUT WITH PURCHASE OF COFFEE

They drove for about 5 hours before they had to stop for fuel, the only issue was neither of them had money for fuel so they ended up doing the old drive off. Marty was a bit on edge about the situation because it was the first time he committed such a crime, Scrappy assured Marty it was nothing to worry about though “I do this all the time” said Scrappy to try and calm Marty down, “you don’t even have a car” responded Marty quite wittily, “Yeah” replied Scrappy, “I was just trying to make you feel better, you clearly don’t have the cahoonas for a criminal life” “I may not have cahoonas but I’m still a man” Marty preached to try and justify his manliness. Marty drove for hours on end while Scrappy sang Christmas carols, Marty would have preferred to listen to his beloved death metal music but Scrappy insisted that he would sing, it was nowhere near Christmas but Scrappy didn’t know the lyrics to many songs so Christmas carols it was.

Any who after driving for a bloody long time the beach was finally within view, they were still about 5 kilometers away but you could see the beach on the clear horizon, Scrappy was getting really excited to see the wise man on the beach as he really held this guy in high regard, Marty on the other hand was creeped out as he still felt a bit violated from the last time he saw Spoona.

They finally arrive at the beach, park the car and walked out towards the water, Spoona was nowhere to be seen, “Don’t worry” said Scrappy “We’re bound to see him in the morning, no doubt he’ll be spooning one of us as we awake” Mentioned Scrappy, “Yeah I just hope it’s you”, Marty responded still very creeped out about this whole scenario. So Marty and Scrappy just chilled on the beach until nightfall and just like the last time Marty was there he set up a nice fire to keep them warm, Scrappy started singing Christmas carols again which drove Marty nuts but fell asleep eventually as did the Martinator. The next morning around 5:30 am Marty was woken up by the smell of Spoonas fart. Marty opened his eyes so smoothly that if you had conjunctivitis you’d be jealous and then he glanced over to the left where he saw Spoona just sitting by the fire, Spoona wasn’t looking in Marty’s direction but he knew he was awake due to being super wise, “So you’ve come back” said the wise one with an enchanting voice, “Is it guidance that you seek” Spoona continued as he threw something into the fire, Marty had no idea what he threw into the fire because it was still quite dark, “I’m just happy I didn’t wake up to you spooning me” Marty said to Spoona as he walked closer to the almighty leader of the bum society, “I spooned you a few hours ago”, Spoona said in response, Spoona carried on by saying “I’m surprised you didn’t wake up then, last time you were here I woke up to you screaming at me!”

Marty then said, “Why the hell didn’t you tell me you were the leader of the bums last time I was here?” “Well”, said Spoona “You weren’t officially a bum yet and also you ran away screaming, in fact you couldn’t get away fast enough” Marty pointed his index finger in the air and said “Also why the hell do you spoon people”, “It makes me very uncomfortable” “I don’t like it anymore then you do” Spoona candidly responded “But unfortunately it’s the only way to enlighten people, you see, people tend to have epiphany’s the day after I spoon them” “Well I did have an epiphany while I was drinking from that kids lemonade stand” Marty said to Spoona, “In fact I went to live under Bills lemon tree that day, but I don’t know if I can give you credit for that as I was merely taking Bill up on a drunken offer” giggled Marty “I gave you the courage to take Bill up on that offer” Spoona concluded “Sometimes an epiphany is really just a sudden wave of courage” said Spoona quite mysteriously as his fingers were up in the air wiggling around “What is my purpose great wise one?” asked Marty, “Your purpose has already been and gone, your one of us now and you always will be” “One of you?” questioned Marty, “Enlighten me wise one, tell me more” “YOU’RE A BUM” shouted the wise one, Spoona continued by telling Marty that he’s not alone and that things will be ok only different to the life he once knew, “I’VE HEARD ENOUGH” shouted Marty very heroically,

“I must leave right away sir wise one, I’m sure we will meet again” muttered Marty. “Why must you leave so soon” Spoona replied, “To be honest I want to get away before Scrappy wakes up, I’m trying to ditch him” “Yeah fair enough you’re not the first one to ditch him and my wisdom tells me you won’t be the last” said Spoona.

Marty ran over to his van and drove away as fast as he could terrified of the possibility of Scrappy tagging along, Marty had no idea where to go or what to do so he drove around with no sense of direction. After a few hours of driving he came across a hillbilly steak house called “Up In Flames” Marty didn’t have any money but he was quite thirsty so he thought he would pull in and ask for a free glass of water. As Marty entered the car park there were hillbilly’s everywhere, they were all wearing overalls and straw hats, a few of them even had straw sticking out of there gobs. Marty got out of the van and suddenly one of the hillbilly’s started walking towards Marty with a puffed out chest flexing his arms, Marty started to shit himself, quite literally, but none the less quickly accepted potential combat, when the hillbilly got a bit closer he yelled, “WELL ILL BE DAMED, ITS THE LEMON TREE GUY! You’re a celebrity around these parts partner” the hillbilly chuckled.

Marty walked inside and was stunned to see a picture of himself chilling under Bills lemon tree hung up on the wall outside the kitchen, Marty walked up to a staff member and asked them where they got the picture from, the guy told Marty that a bus load of tourists stopped by for lunch one day and one of them was holding this photo, “We thought this was the greatest thing we’ve ever seen so we had to buy it from them and hang it up on our wall” the hillbilly staff member told Marty “How much did you pay for it?” Questioned Marty, “Well” said the hillbilly, “We don’t get a lot of customers so we don’t have a lot of money, that being said we traded it with them for a free lunch, you see most of the people that hang around here are family and they all eat for free so we ain’t making no damn profit” this hillbilly concluded, then without notice this hillbilly pulled a black marker out of his pocket and said “We would be honoured if you could sign the picture” Marty was quite flattered and signed the photo without hesitation, he didn’t have a hell of a lot going for him so he wasn’t shying away from any limelight no matter how small and I hate to be the bearer of bad news but this book is over.

SPOONA

After thoughts.

As you know things didn't work out well for Marty so in hindsight I've left you on a bit of a cliff hanger. Not a devastating cliff hanger but kind of a humorous one as the last thing we hear about Marty is him in a steakhouse talking to hillbilly's that can't get enough of him. The other thing I want to mention while you're still reading this is Marty is still a relatively young guy so sure he might be a bum now but who knows maybe one day we will hear from Marty again. FYI sometimes Marty still sits on park benches and tells weirdos that sit next to him story's about when he was rich, he also tells them tales about the lemon tree days. One time someone asked him why he didn't invest money while he had it. Marty responded "I didn't think of that", so isn't that something, sometimes it's one thought that can change the outcome of one's life. Any way I'm starting to ramble now so until next time you squealing buffoons, have a nice day. Brief mention before I leave: as I was writing the book I forgot Marty withdrew $9998 out of the atm and later in the book he had no money for fuel or anything else. So let's just say Marty is in for a nice surprise once he realises he has some cash somewhere.

Author Quote: *"If you find any mistakes in this book, tell someone that gives a shit."*

A hilarious adventure story about a guy called Marty who spends some time living under a lemon tree and much more.

Read on as Marty goes from riches to rags and meets some interesting characters along the way.

Will things work out for Marty? Find out for yourself and get ready to have a chuckle!

ISBN 978-0-646-84460-2

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